War Diary III – Letting a New Day Begin

A ROXY A
NOV 30, 2025

115 47 10
Share

> *I am the Lord of Loneliness,*
>
> *I'll hold my breath, just spoke with Death,*
>
> *He said he hopes for the best.*
>
> *Told him I'm ropin' my neck.*
>
> –Antarctica by $uicideboy$

Oy vey, give me money to blow up Donetsk children.

Hello again my friends, it's been a while. Firstly, thank you to those that donated. I received far more support than I was expecting & it is highly appreciated, the rest of my squad also sends their thanks. If you're curious, it was spent primarily on magazines & tourniquets.

In other news, I have finally finished training & will be pushing to the frontline within the next week once administrative tasks are wrapped up. I will most likely hold off another article until after I complete an assault, to make sure it's actually interesting. Training was far too long & boring, but that's mainly because I've already done most of it for years. The non-prior service guys seem more appreciative, naturally.

Daniel Defense made some very questionable decisions when designing the UAR-15. I prefer my old M4A1 or M27, but that's sort of knit picky. I haven't had any real problems or malfunctions while firing it, other than the hammer becoming weirdly dirty for an AR. My theory is that the BCG has looser tolerances than typical so more carbon moves through it & into the trigger group. I'll probably cut the barrel down to 13.7 & replace the MLOK handguard with a quad picatinny one. I brought a couple pairs of Army issued pants but use NorAm combat shirts, which are made of RipStop. I'll probably replace the pants because cotton gets packed with mud a lot faster than the RipStop, making it a pain in the ass to hand wash. Steel mags are still superior to any polymer model, as always.

Anyway, we were given a few days off after training ended. I decided to go back to Kyiv for mine. The electricity situation has deteriorated somewhat, there's planned blackouts for each sector of the city so the lights turn off for about 6 hours every day. Locals are handling it well, most shops have a generator to keep them going & everyone seems to use it as an excuse to go outside. I wasn't sober at any point during this time so it didn't affect me much.

Life is really fun when you tell yourself you're going to be dead in a month anyway. I've had a similar quasi-nihilistic attitude since I read Jünger's *Eumeswil* in high school. "*Freedom is based on the anarch's awareness that he can kill himself. He carries this awareness around; it accompanies him like a shadow that he can conjure up. "A leap from this bridge will set me free."*" This attitude has always served me well & sparred me from the spiritual lobotomy caused by safetyism, conformism & general bureaucracy. My own personal resistance to modernity.

But it's much more visceral now. Before it was a soft knowledge that I can avoid any consequences or negative events with a 9mm to the roof of my mouth. Now, it's almost like a timer that ticks away. I am free to chase what I consider to be the highest virtue, excitement, without hesitation because in few weeks I will assaulting the most violent sector of the front since Bakhmut. Endorphins are absolutely overflowing, affecting my decision making process & dreams. I feel like a runaway diesel engine, but alive nonetheless. I felt like this during & after boot camp when I first joined the Marines due to the constant exercise & stress, but didn't actually know why at the time. It's similar to runner's high.

I spent my time with two women over my time off. The first was a university student in a bar bathroom. She seemed to be in a similar situation as me, chasing excitement in a place where death is omnipresent. When I walked her home, she cried & told me to be safe because she "doesn't want to repost more memorial posts on Instagram." That stung a little. The second was more of my typical style. Black hair, hand tattoos, probably a drug problem. She approached me because she recognized a Lil Peep tattoo on my arm. We left early & spent the night together, talking about random nonsense. She had weirdly good intuition about me, she easily clocked things like why I was here & other aspects of my personality/background. She was less emotional about my departure. "Go have your fun, good luck." I guess she could tell that wishing me luck was better than wishing me to stay safe. I also owe her a Russian passport.

Somewhat related, one of my ex's called me after seeing one of my Instagram posts. I guess she didn't know I was out here. It was a weird call, she seemed like she wanted to say something but couldn't get it out. Regardless, it was nice to have a friendly conversation with her for the first time in a couple years.

As you can probably tell, my main concern during my time off was women. I did manage to meet a few other Ukie fighters & a group of French humanitarian volunteers, all were fun to hang out with. One of the Ukies told me about his time with Right Sector during the Maidan, & recommended me the book *Valhalla Express* by "Woland." Extremely good autobiography of a Ukie that was part of the pre-Maidan far right movement, later fighting in the Maidan & the Donbas War. Highly recommend, but be aware the English translation is very rough. It helps to just read it in a thick Slavic accent.

The morning I left Kyiv, the ziggers sent out another big Shaheed attack targeting important military installations like apartment buildings & schools. One of the Shaheeds impacted about 100m from me, lighting up the area & rattling my teeth. A few car alarms went off & most locals started scurrying into cover, others just looked at the explosion & went back to what they were doing. Fortunately, no one was seriously hurt by this impact. I will personally avenge the blown out windows.

The "Peace Plan" didn't work, just like the last 20. Turns out Donnie "I'll end the war my first day in office" Trump can't make two countries stop fighting when neither of them actually want to stop fighting. Shocking, I know.

All in all, my current emotional state is a mix of ecstasy & restlessness. There's a fire in my soul begging to be released, like a junkie staring at a heroin needle or starved wolf seeing a rabbit in the distance. My only regret at this point is not being able to properly love someone & have (known) children, it would simply be unfair considering the likelihood I go down in the near future. I suppose that gives me at least one reason to keep my head down, seeing as a death in combat is a benefit in itself.

Hopefully my next article will be more interesting, unfortunately I have no say over the training pipeline.

I hope my American readers had a good Thanksgiving!

Слава Перемозі.

Subscribe to ICΩNΘCLAST
By A Roxy A · Launched a year ago
Newsletter to spread the word of Revolutionary National Socialism & monitor the Collapse. Hail Victory.
Type your email… Subscribe
By subscribing, I agree to Substack's Terms of Use, and acknowledge its Information Collection Notice and Privacy Policy.

115 Likes • 10 Restacks

115 47 10
Share

Discussion about this post

Comments Restacks
Write a comment…

Fart School Professor Nov 30
Liked by A Roxy A
Hello substack, its roxy, we need 5 beelion donations to bomb donestk children, slava ukraini
LIKE (23) REPLY SHARE

Archon Nov 30
Liked by A Roxy A
Praying for your success. Become the warrior we need.
LIKE (15) REPLY SHARE

45 more comments…

Top Latest Discussions

Depopulation
This is another article taking aim at something that's generally associated with the left, and recontextualizing it.
SEP 26, 2024 • A ROXY A

Hey Man, Nice Shot
Now that the smoke's gone, & the air is all clear.
SEP 11 • A ROXY A

War Diary I – Fear & Loathing in Kyiv
"They were all in love with dyin'
OCT 6 • A ROXY A

See all

Discover more from ICΩNΘCLAST
Newsletter to spread the word of Revolutionary National Socialism & monitor the Collapse. Hail Victory.
Over 1,000 subscribers
Enter your email…
Subscribe
By subscribing, I agree to Substack's Terms of Use, and acknowledge its Information Collection Notice and Privacy Policy.
Already have an account? Sign in